

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.

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Portion of Mr. Watterson's Address to the Bankers.

I am told that to-day you are considering that problem which has so disturbed the politicians of the South, and that you wish me to talk to you about the South. The South? The South? It is so problem at all. I think God that at last we can say with truth it is simply a geographical expression. [Applause.] The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence. She was rich and she lost her riches; she was and poor in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before.

The curse of slavery was here. God passed a rod across the land and smote the people. Then in His goodness and mercy, He waved the wand of enchantment, and lo! like a flower, his blessings burst forth. [Applause.] The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth; we had our debts and our "niggers." Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our "niggers;" but under the new we pay our "niggers" and walloped our debts. [Laughter and applause.] We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and we can exclaim with the old dandy at camp meeting, who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting: "Bless the Lord; I'm getting fatter and fatter." [Laughter.] The truth is that behind the great ruffles the South went to its shirt there lay concealed a superb manhood. That this manhood was perverted there is no doubt; that it wasted its energies upon trifles is beyond dispute; that it took a pride in cultivating what is called "the vices of a gentleman" I am afraid must be admitted. But at heart it was sound. From the heart flowed honest Anglo-Saxon blood, and when it had to lay aside its broadcloth and put on its jeans it was equal to the emergency [great applause] and the women of the South took their place by the side of the men of the South, and with the spinning wheel and ploughshare together they made a stand against the wolf at the door. That was fifty years ago, and to-day there is not a reward offered in a single Southern state for wolfskins. The fact is, the very wolves have got ashamed of themselves and gone to work. [Laughter and applause.] The future of the South is not a whit less assured than the future of the West. Why should money which is freely loaned to Iowa and Illinois be refused to Alabama and Mississippi? You have money to loan. We have a great country to develop. I know that capital is proverbially timid, but what are you afraid of? Is it our cotton that alarms you or our corn, or our sugar? Perhaps it is our coal and iron. Without you, in truth many of these products must make slow progress, while others will continue to lie hidden in the bowels of the earth. With you the South will bloom as a garden and sparkle as a gold mine; for whether you tickle her fertile fields with a straw or apply a more violent titillation to her fat mountain sides she is ready to laugh a harvest of untold riches. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of Mr. Watterson's speech the unusual compliment of a unanimous rising vote of thanks was accorded him.

MARRIAGE IN ENGLISH STYLE.—They are beginning to marry here now "in the English style," says the New York World. A niece of ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish was married on Thursday to Mr. Roosevelt, in the St. John's Episcopal church, Elizabeth, N. J. The ceremony was modeled after the English fashion entirely. The bride entered the church at noon, leaning on her father's arm. She wore a \$50,000 necklace, the gift of the groom. Her hands were ungloved, and she carried the family prayer-book. She was met at the altar by the groom. The aisles of the church were strewn with Autumn leaves. After the ceremony was performed the couple knelt, and Bishop Tuttle, of Utah, pronounced a blessing upon them. This is understood to be the correct thing in marriages now.

Dr. W. B. White, of Cloverport, Ky., says: "In this section of the State Brown's Iron Bitters is universally praised when used."

## Much to be Thankful For.

The old maid of the present day has much to be thankful for. No dirty-faced children, mud-bedraggled, to scour and clean; no crying babies, keeping her awake of nights and demanding her presence at the nursery when her tastes and inclination beckon elsewhere. Her days are days of pleasantness, her nights are nights of peace. She retires to her virgin couch when she pleases, and does not have to lie awake listening for the uneasy step and wavering night-key of her better-half, who has been to the lodge. She can toast her feet by her sparkling coal grate, warm the brick for her feet, mix up her hot toddy and lie down to pleasant dreams. No harassing thoughts about the children's teeth or flannels, no getting up in the night to hunt the paragon bottle, or worry about that horrid cough, or where the school-books are left. No patches to sew on pants, no baskets of stockings to mend, no endless lot of shirt and suspender buttons to adjust. She can have quiet and repose, rest and tranquil peace. She can travel and read, like Lord Lovel, of the song, "Far Countries for to See." But, blessed of all, she can eat, discard corsets, keep the digestion in good order, the appetite keen. Talk about a lonely life, and living on the aroma of love and the sweet perfume of affection! Away with such bores! Give us something solid. Nobody was ever lonely with a well-filled stomach. Loneliness is not the worst evil in life, any way; it is bliss compared to un congenial or half hearted companionship, and a silence broken only by the creak of one's rocker is melody beside a fault-finding and bickering husband.—[Cin. Eq.]

## Progress of Sorghum Sugar Manufacture.

The new Kansas Sugar Refining Company, located at Hutchinson, Kansas, turned out its first batch of sugar on the 12th of September. This company has invested \$125,000 in works here, and proposes making its headquarters at Hutchinson, while they will establish branch mills all over the State and ship the product here for refining. The results of to-day settle all controversy about the possibility of making sugar from sorghum cane. The run to-day was a bright grade, and crystallized perfectly without the sorghum taste. The mill will be run from this on at a full capacity, which is over one hundred barrels per day of sirup. This season's product will aggregate 9,000 barrels of sugar, and 7,000 barrels of sirup. All grades of white sugar will be made, but the machinery for granulating is not yet up. To run this mammoth establishment requires 200 men day and night. The Cleveland Leader says the works at Hutchinson and Sterling are both operated on the same principle, and both have met with the same successful result. Hutchinson and Sterling will soon be able to supply Kansas with her sugar.—[Scientific American.]

## Kentucky Education.

"Well, Colonel B." said a friend of education in Kentucky to a member of the Legislature, "I suppose we can have your support this winter?" "What for?" "In our educational interests, of course. We are agitating the question, you know, all over the State." "Dog on your educational interests. I don't want no more of it in my tea."

"My dear Colonel, you surprise me! What makes you talk that way? Are you not in favor of education?" "No, sirree, I hain't."

"Why not?"

"Well, because I hain't. It makes more work for me. You see, before I was educated all I had to do was to make a cross-mark for my name, but now I've got to wrangle with a pen-pint half an hour, and run my tongue out like a slice of liver, just because I'm educated and can sign my name. Go and try some of them ignorant members. I'm too well educated myself to be fooled any further."—[Merchant Traveler.]

## How THE MORMONS PREACH.—

No Mormon missionary ever so far forgets himself as to preach polygamy to those whom he proposes to convert. On the contrary, they take pains to assert that polygamy is no longer practiced, and it is not until the women and young girls who are the dupes of the Mormon missionaries reach their journey's end that they discover the trap into which they have fallen. Once in Utah and Colorado there is no retracing their steps, and they fall victims to the lust which holds the organization together.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## True Story of Enoch Arden.

When Enoch Arden came home after that memorable and disastrous voyage, which shipwrecked him and his hopes, he crept up the street to his old home, as Tennyson informs us, and looked in the window. There he saw Phillip Kay and Annie, his wife, and their child, all seated around the hearth cracking walnuts. The whole bitter truth came upon him with terrible force. Annie, supposing Enoch to be dead, had married Phillip, so as to have a home for herself and child, and a man about the house, in case of tramps. It was a sad coming back for Enoch, and he was mad about it. Not so much because Phillip had married his wife, for there were plenty more wives to be had; not because his child had learned to call another man "pa," though that was a bitter pill inasmuch as the child looked a little like Phillip anyhow. Neither of these things worried him half so much as to note that Phillip was wearing his (Enoch's) clothes. With a menacing gesture Enoch was just about to dash into the house and annihilate them, when suddenly the anger in his countenance was supplanted by a look of terror and he slunk away as silently as he had come. He had caught sight of Annie's mother, who, during Enoch's absence, had broken up housekeeping and come over to live with her daughter, and had become a fixture there.

Enoch told some of the boys afterwards that it was the narrowest escape of his life, and that he would rather be shipwrecked every five minutes than to encounter his mother-in-law.—[Cin. Saturday Night.]

## Curious Facts.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles round, with a wall thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Dinnah, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof, and it was one hundred years in building, the largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty-one feet in height and eight hundred and fifty-three feet on the sides. The base covers eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length and the layers are about two hundred and eight. It gave employment to 350,000 men while being built. The Labyrinth, in Egypt, contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles in circumference and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in decorations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000; and the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirty-three miles in circumference.

A Hard-shell Baptist thus discoursed on Temperance: Brethren and sisters, some weeks ago I promised to deliver a temperance sermon in this pulpit this day. I am here now to the best of my ability to perform that duty; and that I might do it I have searched the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations to find a text suitable for the occasion. I find where Paul says "Drink no longer water, but take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and for thine often infirmities." I find that Christ blessed the wine, and by a miracle turned water into wine, and I find where many people have prayed for wine, yet I find but one instance in all the Bible where any man ever prayed for water, and brethren and sisters, he was in hell, where he ought to be!

The true story of Gen. John Morgan's death will never be told until the history of his scandalous amours at Greenville, Tenn., is written. His death, so far from being a hero's martyrdom in behalf of a cause he esteemed holy, was due to his libertine instincts and the blind, unreasoning fury of an insanely jealous woman. Had he been pure as a man as he was dauntless as a soldier he would probably be alive to-day. This is the whole truth of the matter in a nutshell. Like Gen. Van Dorn, he could not govern the baser passions of his nature, and like that accomplished but unfortunate officer, in gratifying those passions he lost his life. It was Don Juan and not Leonidas who was killed in that Greenville garden.—[Breckenridge News.]

## STREET TALK.—

"How much better you look, Mrs. S!" "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to say one that has the catarrh."

## Gentlemen do not Carry Pistols.

We have never seen a gentleman, a scholar, a person of politeness or refinement while engaged in the duties of civil life, carry a weapon. We have rarely met an innate coward, brute, gambler, rough or dead beat, one who expects to carry himself through every controversy with a defiant temper and a scouring, slanderous tongue, and to come out of it first best whether he was right or wrong, that did not carry a pistol. The class most unfit to carry weapons are the only men who ever carry them.

When Garfield was attacked neither he nor Blaine, nor any other decent person present, had a weapon. Decent people never wear them. Mr. Blaine's life was as completely in the hands of Guiteau as was that of Garfield, if the whims of the miserable brute had run in the direction of taking it. The plea that the innocent never need these weapons for defense against the natural weapons of either assassins, burglars or any other such class is a false plea. The assassin or burglar is certain to be the only one of the two parties who will be armed.

It is a question of grave consideration, therefore, whether all of our Constitutions should not be amended, the right of bearing arms be abolished and a general disarming of all persons be enforced. All half way measures, all attempts to decide who shall have arms according to their moral character are supremely ridiculous.—[Chicago Tribune.]

## Printing Without Type.

A machine has lately been invented which makes it highly probable that ere long printing will be done without setting type. The machine requires that everything shall be stereotyped as is the case now with nearly all large papers. The new process is a combination of the manner of stereotyping by means of a paper pulp, and of a type writing machine. An instrument constructed like a type writer is so adjusted that the type instead of coming down and making an ink impression on a piece of paper strikes on the soft and pulpy paper mass so as to leave a perfect impression of itself, which, when dried, forms a paper stereotype mold in which the metal is cast. What is known among printers as "justifying" or the spacing of words so as to make them come out right at the end of the lines, and which has been one great difficulty in previous efforts at machine type setting, it is claimed can be done with ease with this machine.

The danger that confronts the democratic party just now, in view of its great victory in the Ohio and other State elections, is that there will be a lack of prudent leadership in the next Congress. The flush of recent triumphs may prompt impulsive action and reckless words. It has repeatedly happened that the legitimate fruits of party success have been thrown away by shallow indiscretion. The democrats are given great opportunities, and the future alone can tell how wisely they shall be utilized. A painstaking statesmanship at Washington next winter will lead to democratic victory in the Presidential contest of 1884, but indiscretion, then and there, will surely bring disaster. The republicans are relying upon democratic blundering.—[Sunday Argus.]

TO HUSBANDS.—You require a great deal from your wife in the way of patience and tenderness. Don't forget that she has equal claims on you. Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow before marriage the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your buttons still. Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs, give cheerfully as if it were a pleasure to do so. She will feel better, and so will you. Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

It is perhaps not generally known in the State, but Gov. Knott is now engaged in the labors of compiling a book of wit and humor. He and Hon. A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, are the joint projectors of the work, which will comprise not less than four and may be as many as eight volumes. It is to contain all the wit and humor there can be selected from every author from about the time of Chaucer to the present time.—[C. J.]

E. Hawkins, Louisville, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and consider it the best remedy for impure blood and loss of appetite."

## Just at the Critical Moment.

One evening last week while coming from Long Branch on a boat, a maiden fair to see, sat with her lover in the corner. The writer sat outside near the window. "Do you remember when we first met, darling?" he asked. "Yes, pet," she answered in eloquent accents. "Do we love each other as well and truly as we did then?" "Yes, sweet."

"Will we always love each other as we do now?" "Yes, dove; I trust and pray that we may!" "One kiss, then. Quick! Nobody is looking." With eyes uplifted looking love, she pursed her cherry lips, and just as the critical moment arrived a cruel, horrid man with a hump-backed nose and sawbuck eyes, poked his head through the window and remarked:

"You didn't see any thing of my backer, did you? I was sitting in that corner. Oh, no! Here it is! Beg pardon!"—as he fished a paper of tobacco from his coat tail pocket his head disappeared.

She resembled a Roman mother pleading for her babes, and if she had had a Gatling gun with her there would have been murder.

## Experiments in Mesmerism.

"What's mesmerism?" asked Poots' little boy the other day. "Mesmerism, son, is the—well—let's see, how can I make you understand it?"—it is the—where's your dictionary? But no, never mind. I'll explain it in another way," and then Poots, who thinks he has a remarkably powerful mind, undertook to explain a mesmerism influence on his son. Fixing his eyes on his son in a way that made the boy shudder, he said as he pointed to the clock:

"See that pretty bird! Hear it sing! Let's catch it and put it in a cage," and he got up and dragged the unwilling boy after him. "Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" he said as he patted the clock.

Then the boy broke away with an awful yell, knocked the clock down in his terror, and yelling "Mal! Mal! Pa's got the jims again!"

And that wound up Poots' experiments in mesmerism.

It is announced that Phil Thompson will soon be a candidate for reelection to Congress from the Eighth Kentucky district. He has been vindicated by a Kentucky jury and now seeks a vindication at the hands of the people, and wants to be returned to a position of high honor by the very people whose laws he has outraged. Our opinion is that he had better retire to the shades of private life, and escape the unpleasant comments that his candidacy are sure to awaken.—[Mt. Sterling Sentinel.]

J. D. Moore and Miss Louisa Anderson, an eloping couple from Montgomery county, en route to Aherdeen, Ohio, drove over an embankment at this place last night, breaking the buggy into kindling wood, injuring the horse so badly that he had to be killed, and bruising themselves painfully. They borrowed another conveyance, resumed their journey, and were married before being overtaken.—[Flemingsburg telegram.]

Miss Fields, the Baptist missionary from China, told the ladies of Cincinnati that two million of girls annually, in China, have their feet crushed to the size of an infant, the torture continuing three years, leaving them cripples for life. Many women are made blind by constant weeping for the misery that attends the first years of their married life.

A military man laughed at a timid little woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterward he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

## PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denting's New Discovery for Piles is a safe change from the old remedial treatment in use. The discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Louis B. Watts, of Danville, Ind., ex-sheriff of Hendricks county, says he was given up by his family physician to die with consumption, but Brown's Expectorant cured him. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Never neglect cough when a fifty-cent bottle of Brown's Expectorant will cure you. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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THE BOY THAT WEARS A WATCH.

The boy that wears a watch is an important character. At school he is valued and on the street he is respected. None of the boys grab him and throw him down, for they might break his time-keeper. He has a way of twisting the chain when he talks, and looking at his watch when he hears railroad trains, and saying "twelve," or "six-five, or eight-sixteen." The other boys stand around and regard him with admiration. He grows up and probably goes to college with a distinguished air, but in a few years pawn his watch with a man, who, if a boy, often stood around and admired it. (Boston Globe.)

iving to the ground, half-groomed,  
 with dirty reins and dirty irons; saddle-  
 cloth with a big monogram; a man in a  
 velvet or plush skull-cap, tight breeches  
 buttoned all the way down the leg; long  
 leather boots, Mexican stirrups, too just  
 out and no more, heel well in, toe well  
 out, dragon spurs and the rider's legs  
 almost meeting under the horse; yellow  
 lambskin gloves, gold-tipped riding-whip;  
 skin hand well up under the elbow, other  
 hand straight as an arrow down the leg;  
 never rising in the trot—voilà.

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BEAUTIFUL are the admonitions of  
 him whose life accords with his teach-  
 ings.

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MARRIAGEABLE young men belong to  
 the sunnier disposition.

**OWLS** are the natural enemies of the singing bird. They pounce upon the nests of the lark and plover, and rob robins of their young. They are said to be exterminating these birds in New England.

**LEUT. CONDEN** has advocated that the site of the crucifixion is a knoll north of Jerusalem, near Jeremiah's grotto, called the "Place of the Stoning."

**PAIN** from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

A harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportions. The minal, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature.

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**THE number of vertebrate animals is estimated at 20,000.**

THE editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in a car found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

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No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penney & McAlister.

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<b>Arr. Marseille</b> .....	6 50 a m	1 45 p m
<b>Arr. Lyons</b> .....	7 10 a m	2 05 p m
<b>Arr. Millersburg</b> .....	7 40 a m	2 35 p m
<b>Arr. Paris</b> .....	8 10 a m	3 05 p m
<b>Lte. Lexington</b> .....	7 20 a m	2 10 p m
<b>Lte. Paris</b> .....	8 10 a m	3 05 p m
<b>Arr. Lyons</b> .....	6 15 a m	5 05 p m
<b>Arr. Millersburg</b> .....	6 45 a m	5 35 p m
<b>Arr. Palmouth</b> .....	9 55 a m	4 05 p m
<b>Arr. Covington</b> .....	11 50 a m	6 30 p m

  

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No. 26 Lv. Lexington 8 00 a m.	Arr. Lyons 8 00 a m
No. 26 Lv. Millersburg 6 00 a m.	Arr. Paris 6 00 a m
No. 26 Lv. Lyons 5 00 a m.	Arr. Lexington 5 00 a m
No. 4 Lv. Paris 5 10 p m.	Arr. Palmouth 5 10 p m
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